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THE ART REVIEW

DEVOTED TO ART, MUSIC, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. I.

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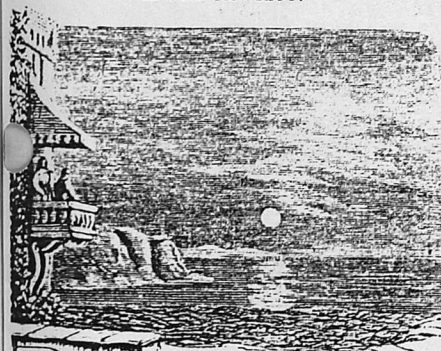
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A MOONRISE PICTURE.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



PEARLY and placid the wide bay beams,
Faint on its brown shore foaming;
Fleeced with dim daisies the meadow gleams
Under the soft blue gloaming.

Eastward the sheer bluffs, height by height,
Lessen to violent hazes.
Loftily over their summits night
Mellows her moon and raises.

Cleaving the marshes where glossy grass,
Tenderly rippled, clusters,
Waveless the creek's broad waters pass,
Polished with twilight lustres.

Far away westward the cattle go,
Dotting the land's dark edges.
Girt with the roseate after-glow,
Purple the long cloud-ledges.

Brightened of rays that momentarily stream
Warmer, the moon's pure bosom,
Lulling the world in a lotus-dream,
Blossoms like a lotus-blossom.

ABOVE and beyond the first necessities of good taste, let all adorning of home commence on the inward. As in heart and life, inward good soon itself outwardly. So in the home; the good sense that will first attend to the living and vital part, will not long neglect the outward adornments that please the eye and charm the taste. Inward forces for good work from the centre towards the outside.

R. R.

THE MORAL INFLUENCES OF ART.

EDWARD E. HALE.

AN English clergyman, the Rev. St. John Tyrwhitt, who has devoted time, thought, and prayer to the instruction of workmen in fine art, says:

"There is a tale in which a variety of gifts are bestowed on a prince at his birth. Last of all it is given him by his uncle, an eminent and well-disposed enchanter, that for the term of his natural life he shall be able to see the fairies. He shall see all the hidden beauty and latent life which other men's eyes are not fine enough to see. He shall know the fretful spirits which live under the holly leaves and in the curls of the young ferns; and beneath the scarlet agarics; and on Oxfordshire brick walls, all crimson and green; and in orange-and-grey lichens of winter oak roots. He shall know all about the dwellers in the Alpine rose, and meet, face to face, 'the brown men of the moors, that stay beneath the heather bell.' He shall understand the life that is in the leaves, and how they faint under heat of noon, and drink deep of summer rain. He shall know the spirits of structure and growth, and the toughness of old yews and thorns, and the sad strength of the fir and cypress. Also he shall be on terms with the spirits of fire and light, and the living rays which make color and cloud and distance; and with all the underground tribes who stain earths and metals and jewels, and dole out the elements of man's frame with all its beauty, and its fearfulness and wonder,—seeing to this day it is made of the substance of the earth and dust of the ground. And, having all these gifts, he will care little what vulgar men strive for, and nothing for what evil men desire; and the common troubles of life will touch him lightly, for he will have that within him which they cannot touch! And because of the friends he sees, and who see him, he shall always bear himself gently and stoutly among men, with an high heart and an humble."

There is no over-statement in the lesson of this story. The truth is, that most of us go through the world without eyes for the wonders which fill the world. The truth is, that the few people who do rightly appreciate the glories of nature,—who are called artists because they appreciate them,—

are using faculties of observation, which everyone might be using—had not the vicious habit of centuries closed eyes to the vision, and hearts to the understanding, of such glories. And it will be more by the systematic training of the eye to look, and of the hand to re-present, than by any other system, that the fit use of these faculties can be regained.

One of the American Commissioners at Napoleon's Great Exposition made a valuable explanation, in a speech at the Boston Music Hall last spring, of the lamentable failure of many of the American contributions there, simply from their lack of beauty—from the want of the artistic power to touch with the hand of beauty the article which had been made. There was an illustration of the pecuniary loss which the country sustains in such general ignorance. But that loss only illustrates the loss,—far more terrible, of personal enjoyment,—and of the higher life,—the loss of the very choicest of God's gifts to men, which that community sustains where men cannot make a beautiful chair, or a beautiful knife, or a beautiful mantel, or a beautiful stove, or a beautiful house,—no! not if they die. It is the acceptance by men, blind and dumb, of the condition of the beaver, the dog, and the sheep. It is the renunciation of the noblest privilege of man.

Now, in Massachusetts, the State has taken the lead in the introduction of an efficient system of teaching drawing; which means a system of teaching people to see things truly, and to represent them truly. But there will be no adequate success in this system, if the people who are to be taught have not noble ideals placed before them, if they do not know—and at this moment ninety-nine in a hundred of them do not know—what art can achieve, with pencil, brush, or chisel. We are without the invaluable training of the eye and heart which the old churches of the old worship gives people in the old world. A boy who goes into St. Peter's and St. Paul's at Cologne, or into the Annunciata at Genoa, led there by his mother's hand, does not understand the Latin prayer, he does not understand the elevation of the host. But, while his mother is on her knees telling her rosary, he can study out the parable of the prodigal son, the marriage feast of Cana, or the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, on the walls. I do not wish to overstate the value, for religious